

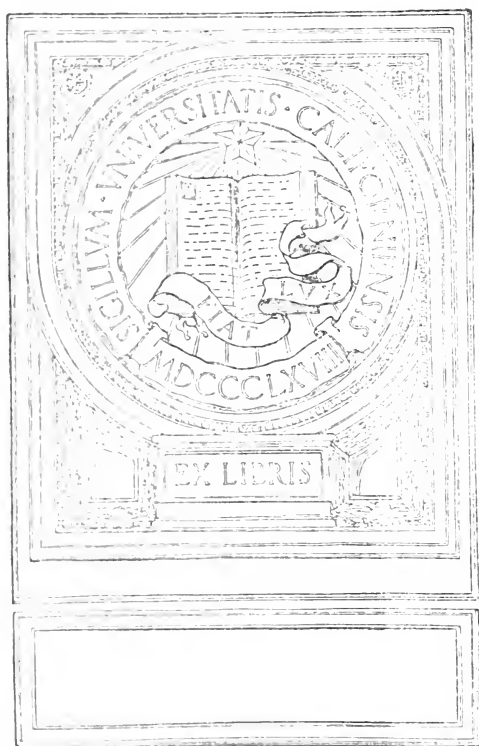
941
D545
sa

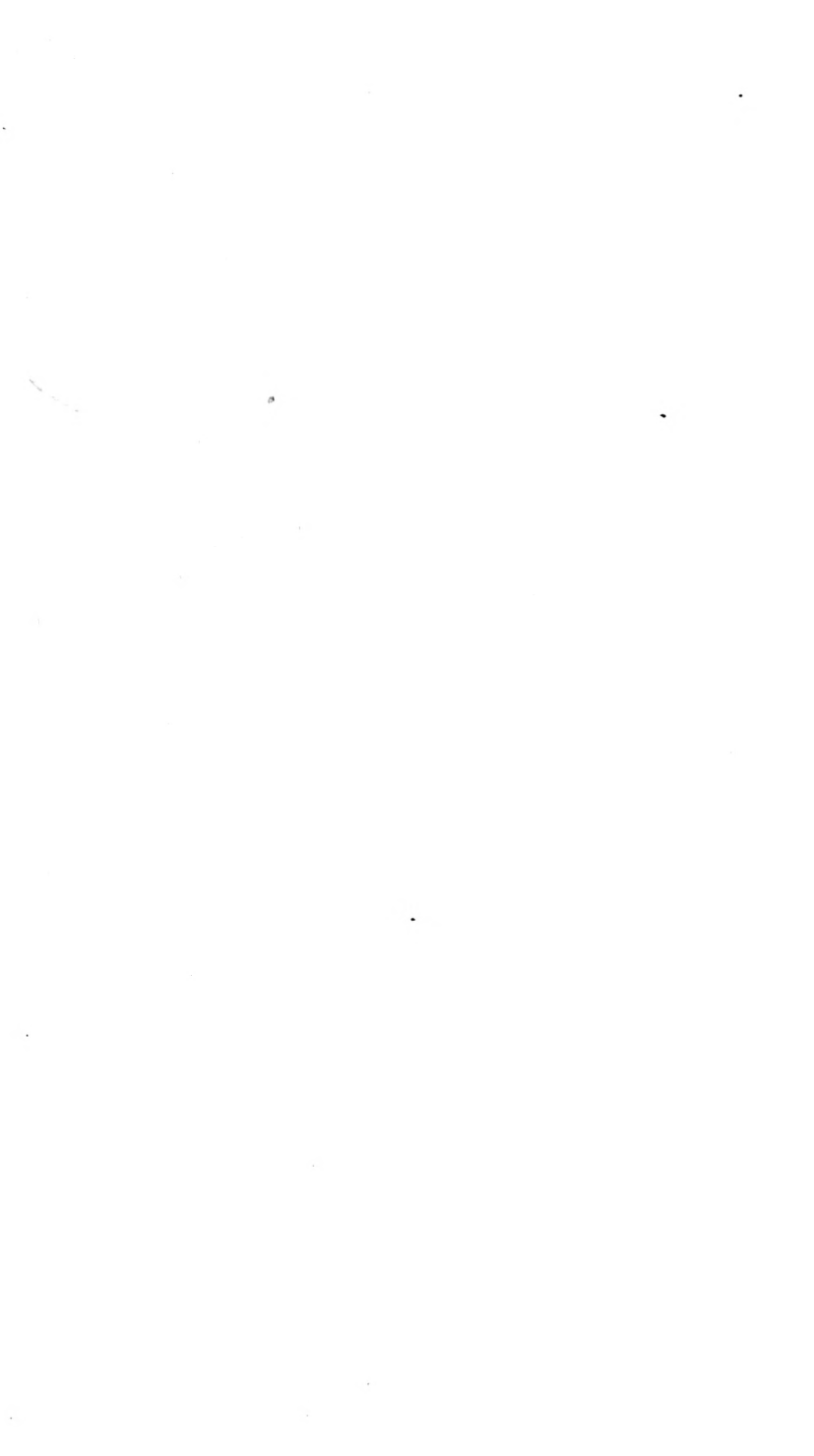
UC-NRLF



B 3 569 865

21 March 1771.







ST. DAVID'S DAY:

OR, THE

HONEST WELCHMAN.

A BALLAD FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS DIBDIN;

AUTHOR OF "THE JEW AND DOCTOR," "SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE," "IL BONDOCANI," "FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR," "MOUTH OF THE NILE," "NAVAL PILLAR," "ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS IN THE BIRTH-DAY," "HORSE AND WIDOW," &c. &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street ;

FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1801.

[Price One Shilling.]



941
J545
20-

TO THE INHABITANTS OF
CARMARTHEN AND HAVERFORDWEST,
AND TO EVERY NATIVE
OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES,
WHO PRACTISES HOSPITALITY WITH THE
CHARACTERISTIC WARMTH
EXPERIENCED BY THE AUTHOR
IN THE ABOVE-NAMED TOWNS,
THIS DRAMATIC TRIFLE
IS MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED.

A 2

M269102

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Townley,	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
William Townley,	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Owen,	-	-	-	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Peter Plimlimmon,	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Dick,	-	-	-	Mr. SIMMONS.
Ellen,	-	-	-	Mrs. ATKINS.
Taffline,	-	-	-	Miss SIMMS.
Gwinneth,	-	-	-	Mrs. WHITMORE.
Welch girl,	-	-	-	Miss LESERVE.

Welch Lads and Lasses, Dancers, and Chorus.

SCENE—A Village in Wales.

The Music composed and compiled by THO. ATTWOOD.

ST. DAVID'S DAY :

OR, THE

HONEST WELCHMAN.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A romantic mountainous View.—On one side, the Cottage of Owen, surrounded and decorated by rustic Ornaments of Garden, Water, Foliage, and Honey-suckle Trees.—A Waterfall and wooden Bridge beyond.—Over the Stream is seen a Village and Parish-Church, with the Flag flying, and Bells heard ringing at a distance.—Beyond the Village the Ocean is seen.*

OWEN, ELLEN, and WILLIAM come forward, and sing the following

GLEE.

Hark, the distant village peal,
In sweet responsive sound,
Bids blythsome echo hither steal,
To cheer the hamlet round ;
And hark, the sweetly tinkling rill,
And hark, on every spray,
The feather'd race the chorus fill,
To hail St. David's day.

Will. The sun seems to join in the homage you pay the day of your patron saint.

Owen. The sun shines upon the honest man, look you, every day, and all days. All around us smiles but my little Ellen here ; and she—

Ellen. She too is happy, my dear father ; only a thought just now came across me of the sufferers who may have perished in the wreck, from which, last week, we saved poor William. It calls to my mind the melancholy recollection of Mary, our lost, and loved companion.

SONG—ELLEN.

'Twas spring, all nature gaily smiling
 Graced the fields with many a flower,
 Mary, love in thought beguiling,
 Dearly own'd young Cupid's power.
 In pensive mood she gain'd the spot
 Where first she saw her lad so dear ;
 But ah ! deserted was his cot,
 Poor Mary sigh'd, and dropt a tear !

She views the sea, whose bosom heaving
 Late the angry storm had torn,
 Where, many a mournful fragment leaving,
 A hapless wreck was distant borne.
 She sees with pain the shattered bark,
 What breathless form now floats to shore ?
 'Tis Henry's corse ! Poor Mary, hark !
 That mournful cry ! she breathes no more.

Will. William hopes to thank you more substantially than by words. I have written to my father, who is rich : his answer must certainly arrive to-day ; and he will reward your generous hospitality.

Owen. Hospitalities in the posom of a Welchman is natural and possible as mites in a cheese, or
 goats

goats upon a mountain: and I remember once having read in a book of my great, great grandfather's—

Enter GWINNETH from the Cottage.

Gwin. Here is a prribbling and prabbling about goats and grandfathers, when it is time to be putting on your peft coat, and to prepare to do honour to the memory of coot St. David.

Ellen. Dear, dear, what a pity William has nothing left but that ugly jacket and trowfers!

Will. 'Tis a drefs, Ellen, fit for the son of a monarch. 'Tis a drefs in which more honour has been gained for Britain than by all the glitter that adorns her court.

Owen. And I ferily pelieve that our enemies were never petter drest than when a British sailor was at hand to do it for them, look you. [*Exit into cottage.*]

Ellen. Sailors are certainly brave fellows; and I love them dearly. (*Looking at William.*)

Will. The ivy clings to the sturdy oak; the lamb repofes fafely by the generous animal that protects it. Why then fhould any of our fair countrywomen withhold their fmiles from the lads who fight, conquer, and die for them.

SONG.

If a landsman would know the true creed of a tar,
 Tell him this, juft his wifh to belay;
 A failor believes, foul or fair, peace or war,
 'Tis all for the beft, come what may.
 His heart at Humanity's poft never nods,
 Honest fympathy beams in his eye;
 In battle fuccesful, if not, where's the odds?
 He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forego,
 But his country new joys can impart;
 For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,
 Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.
Britannia's his mother, his brethren are we,
 And besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,
 That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,
 Finds a father belov'd in his King.

During the Song, GWINNETH and ELLEN are talking apart—At the end of it they come forward.

Gwin. Well, well, I tell you, you must not have such anxieties about William. His father is rich, and it will not be virtuous of you; so come in, for there is the ale to tap, and the harp to tune, and the leeks to cut, and I don't know what myself. Come, come, I tell you. *[Exit into cottage.]*

Will. And amidst all this important business, can Ellen have a thought to throw away upon poor William?

Ellen. Very little time will prove how far William is sincere: should he not be so, what will become of Ellen?

DUET.

Will. Ah! why suppose deceit is nigh,
 When William is in view?
 Ah! why suppose he heaves a sigh
 For any fair but you?
 Those charms alone my heart enslave,
 For thee my wishes pine;
 I'd give up all this side the grave
 Could I but call thee mine.

Ellen. Ah! why with looks of love persuade,
 Which too successful woo?
 Ah! why thus tempt a simple maid,
 Too much inclin'd to you?

Let

Let honour consecrate the band
Of love 'twixt you and me ;
And till a parent gives this hand,
This heart I'll keep for thee.

Both. Let honour, &c.

WILLIAM leads her to the Cottage and returns.

Will. If my father refuses to sanction my affections for this girl, I shall have escaped the dangers of the ocean for a life of wretchedness on shore. I have already been here above a week, and he has neither answered my letter, or supplied me with the common necessaries I wrote for. 'Tis very strange !

Enter TAFFLINE.

Taff. Ah ! Mr. William, we shall all be so merry to-day ; and the girls in the village are near pulling caps to have you for a partner.

Will. Indeed ! And pray, who dances with you ?

Taff. My old sweetheart, Peter Plimlimmon. The London folks laugh at him, and say he's quizzical ; but a man who has resigned one post under government to be promoted to another, isn't to be laughed at.

Will. True ; he was guard to the mail-coach, and is now post-master and letter-carrier to three whole villages. It must have required great interest to bring it about.

Taff. Well, and our family have great interest. My father makes all the excisemen's inkhorns ; my mother was foster nurse to the clerk of the parish ; and my own brother is, at this moment, substitute for a militia man.

Will

Will. I see your sweetheart delivering the London letters: I very eagerly expect one myself: and as he's always in a hurry, without stirring a foot, I'll save him the trouble of coming so far to bring it me. [Exit.

Taffl. Yes, yes—when Peter and I are married, there will be another holiday in the village: and who knows but upon his promotion they may entrust me with the care of the letter-box. I shall see through half the affairs of the parish: and how envious the neighbours will be to see the 'squire's parcels directed to the care of *Mistress* Plimlimmon, at the post-office?

SONG—TAFFLINE.

O how Taffline hopes and fears to see the wish'd-for day,
 So merry blithe and cheary,
 When to church, in white array'd, she gaily trips away,
 To marry with her deary.
 O how how fine my lad will be,
 Neat and spruce, and all for me,
 What a charming sight to see
 Taffline and her deary.
 O how Taffline hopes, &c.

O how ev'ry pretty girl will watch with eager eye,
 While I say, half crying,
 The "yes," which to pronounce each pretty anxious girl does sigh,
 Howe'er such wish denying.
 Those who oft with scorn say nay,
 May repent the time when they
 Were ask'd to name the wedding day,
 And were not more complying.
 O how Taffline hopes and fears, &c.

Enter PLIMLIMMON.

Plim. Taffline, my tight girl, I'm glad to see you. Hurry of business won't permit to say more;
the

the mail-coach is just in, and I must have a peep at the passengers.

Taffl. Did you bring William a letter?

Plim. Yes, from a great man, I dare say; for it was hardly possible to make out the direction. I had like to have lost my postage; for, as I could not read the superscription, I took it for a frank.

Taffl. Dear me, what a charming thing it is to be a man of business!

Plim. Yes, I believe it is, indeed. Morgan Rattler, the mail-coachman, don't drive over much more ground than I tread in a day. I carry news to the 'squire, parchments to the attorney, politics to the club, and love-letters to the lasses.

Taffl. Lud! how glad they must be to see you!

Plim. Everybody's glad to see me. Wherever I come, they're all on the broad grin: doors fly open before I can knock at 'em; and the first houses in the land are proud to admit a man of letters.

Taffl. Dear me! what a delightful bustle he's always in!

Plim. Always famous for pleasant intelligence. Delivered the news to the lottery society at the Cheshire-cheese, that one of their three sixteenths was next number but two to the thirty thousand. Carried Goody Apprice the letter which brought her son's prize-money. And drank "better luck still," with Harry Henpeck, for bringing an account of the death of his wife.

Taffl. Yes, and you delivered the letter with the ugly piece of paper in it, that arrested poor Morgan.

Plim. Well, even that was gladly received; for I carried it to a lawyer.

Taffl. But, Peter, I want to ask your advice.

Plim. So does every body. I've travelled in his Majesty's livery, and have learned enough to teach the whole village.

Taffl.

Taffl. Yes, but you don't always teach 'em right; witness Ned Evan's wedding.

Plim. A little mistake. Ned was a great dunce, and, till he got married, didn't even know the use of a *born-book*. So he asked me to write down what he should say at the ceremony. I mistook it for a christening; and when the parson asked if Ned Evans would have Winnifred Jenkins to be his wedded wife, he answered audibly, "I renounce them all."

Taffl. But I was thinking it wou'dn't be amiss if, before we were quite settled, I was to take a trip to London.

Plim. To London! ah! how often have I been hoisted up behind the mail, horn blowing, whip smacking, passengers nodding—off we go!

Taffl. It must be pure pleasant.

Plim. Pleasant! why there's nothing equal to it. I remember when I used to be welcomed at every inn on the road. When Peter came, a pretty girl and a chearful glass were always ready to meet him.

SONG—PLIMLIMMON.

At each inn on the road I a welcome could find;

At the *Fleece* I'd my skin full of ale;

The two *Jolly Brewers* were quite to my mind;

At the *Dolphin* I drank like a whale.

Tom Tun at the *Hoghead* sold pretty good stuff;

They'd capital flip at the *Boar*;

And when at the *Angel* I'd tippled enough,

I went to the *Devil* for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar;

At the *Rose* I'd a lily so bright;

Few planets could equal sweet Nan at the *Star*,

No eyes ever twinkled so bright.

I've

I've had many a *bug* at the sign of the *Bear* ;
In the *Sun* courted morning and noon,
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the *Moon*.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to fet up the sign ;
Hand in Hand the *Good Woman* I look for in you,
And the *Horns* I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair,
But though my commission's laid down,
Yet while the *King's Arms* I'm permitted to bear,
Like a *Lion* I'll fight for the *Crown*.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Old TOWNLEY and DICKY.

Old T. Well, have you seen the horses taken care of, the saddle bags locked up, and the sheets put to air ?

Dicky. All right, your honour—all as you ordered : but I'd trouble enough to make myself understood ; not a foul in the house can speak plain English.

Old T. Well, go back, and wait till I return.—
(*Exit Dick.*)—And now to find which is the cottage of old Owen, who gave shelter to my dear boy. Eh ! let's see—that now—that's a pretty spot, much like what he describes in his letter.—
(*Welch Girl crosses the Stage.*)—Hark ye, you pretty girl—come here. Ah ! what eyes ! and what dimples in those rosy cheeks ! Here ; here's something for thee : and now do you tell me who is the master of that neat little house yonder.

Girl (taking the money.) Dim Saefonaig.

[*Runs off*.

Old T. Dim Saefonaig ! Why, that's the name of the place, the sign of the inn, the lord of the manor, and the parson of the parish ! Hang me, if I can ask a single question but the answer is "Dim Saefonaig." If it wasn't that Welchmen are as honest Antigallicans as the best of us, I should think that Mounseer Nontongpaw had settled among them, under a feigned name. Eh ! here he comes, I suppose.

Enter OWEN from house.

Old T. Mr. Dim Saefonaig, I'm glad to see you.

Owen. Dim Saefonaig ! why, it is nonsense and fooleries : her name, look you, is Owen ; and Owen is a name, under favour, that has done honour, and reference, and feneration to antiquities.

Old T. Yes, and I believe it has done good service to me and my posterity. Give me your hand. Thank ye—thank ye : don't wonder at my pressing it hard. You saved my son from shipwreck ; and if you have a child yourself, your own feelings, my good fellow, will teach you to judge of mine.

Owen. Well, well, if he is your son, his father is welcome to all a poor Welchman could do for him.

Old T. Poor ! Why, with this cottage, this air, and this prospect, 'tis impossible to be poor.

Owen. It is in these times ferry possible to be poor, and of coot families into the bargain. Hur own sifter's son married the widow of Mr. Monopoly, the great mealman, descended, by the mother's side, in a right light from—

Old T. And if the whole family of the Monopolies, by the father's side, were all *exalted*, in a *right* line, what a blessed job it would be for the whole nation.

nation.—But where is this poor boy of mine?—Adod, this has been an unlucky spot. Twenty years ago, I lost an hundred pounds somewhere in this neighbourhood.

Owen. An hundred pounds !

Old T. Yes, I did : notes, pocket-book, and all.

Owen. Passion of hur heart ; for why did you not make search and enquiries, and adfertizements to find it ?

Old T. Because I never missed it till I was on board a vessel, towards which I was on my way when I lost my money. There was no putting back ; and the friend I afterwards wrote to, took it in his head to die suddenly : his affairs were left in such confusion, that whether he had sought for my property, found it, or given himself any trouble about it, I never could exactly learn.

Owen. Mercy defend us, only think of that !—But I see your son is coming this way ; so I leave you to talk of your partings and meetings, and adventures and sicissitudes, while I prepare your tinner within.

Old T. Yes, I shall taste your ale, old boy ; I expect a treat.

Owen. And welcome. I have a ferry pretty treat after tinner, of which you shall have little expectations.

Old T. Oh ! what, some merry making in honour of the day.

Owen. Yes, and something moreover. I'm glad you came on the tay of Saint David, for there will be as fine fagaries and fairings as you would wish to look upon : for upon this tay the heart of a Welchman is so jump apout in his posom, that 'tis no wonder his heels will keep it company.

Old T. Adod, I like these Welchmen; it makes a man merry to look at 'em: a chearful countenance is the index of an honest heart.

Enter WILLIAM.

Old T. Ah! my dear boy—my poor William! my lost child! How happy your mother will be to see you! Give us t'other shake of your hand. Well, and what, didn't you save any of your cloaths? I'm so pleased! As soon as the old lady sees you, she'll say—Why, damme, what a pickle you are in, you dog!

[Surveying his dress.]

Will. Aye, I was much worse, fir, till honest Owen relieved me. Oh fir, such kindness I have received from this worthy family!

Old T. I know it; and the worthy family sha'n't go unrewarded. I like the old fellow very much. But what the devil's that you've got in your hat? (*pointing to the leek worn by William.*)

Will. It's a badge I wear in compliment to my preserver; an ensign that is honoured by, and does honour to the first characters in the land. Besides, fir, it was placed here by the hands of Ellen, a girl who—

Old T. Eh! what! Ellen!—And who the devil's Ellen, whose white hand has made such a greenhorn of you?

Will. Ah! my dear fir, were you but to see her!

Old T. See her! nonsense. I'll tell you what—I married as clever a girl as ever said "yes," before a parson; but I never suffered her to decorate my head in her life. Adod, if she had—

Will.

Will. But Ellen, sir, is the daughter of my preserver. Besides, she's so sweet a girl!

Old T. If she's a sweet girl, you're the greater rogue; and if you would dare to seduce the child of the worthy Welchman, who sheltered and protected you, you ought to be sent back to sea in a cock-boat, with no other provision than a large *leek* in the bottom of it.

Will. I seduce her! sir—not for worlds!—and since you kindly agree to our union—

Old T. I agree! Why the salt water has washed away your senses. I agree! Why, hark ye, you ungracious sea-gull—if ever you say another word——

Will. Hush! my dear sir, hush! the villagers are coming to settle the plan of this evening's festival. Surely you would not wish to disturb their honest pleasure.

Old T. I disturb 'em! I'll knock you down, you dog, if you offer to say that ever I was out of humour when other folks were inclined to be happy. No: the pleasures of the peasant are doubly his own; for he earns them; they are the sweeter for succeeding the efforts of honest labour; and he must have a hard heart, indeed, who, for a moment, would rob the poor of those innocent delights which make them the richest people in the world.

OWEN and GWINNETH enter from Cottage.—They welcome Old TOWNLEY.—TAFELINE enters, preceded by Harpers, leading the Village Lads and Lasses, who commence the following

ST. DAVID'S DAY;

FINALE.

OWEN.—(*Welch Air.*)

In praise of renown'd St. David,
 Let the lads and the lasses mingle;
 Let mirth go round,
 While the harp's glad sound
 Makes the ear of each Welchman tingle.
 Chorus—Let mirth go round, &c.

ELLEN.

Now in jocund measure neatly featly tread the ground,
 And merry merry be;

Old TOWNLEY.

For old Care, if here he ventures to be found,
 Why, what care we.

WILLIAM.

With a fav'rite swain, each fair one hand in hand,
 Tread a sprightly round;
 Real joy will still await the rustic band,
 By honest pleasure crown'd.
 Chorus—Now in jocund, &c.

WELCHMAN.

There's Watkin, Taff, and Mary,
 There's Morgan, Win, and Nell,
 Hur knows no little fairy
 Can caper half so well.
 Then tance upon St. Taffy's day,
 For it is creat delight;
 While in pretty notes the harp shall play,
 Himself will tance all night.
 Trip it, I pray you, now,
 Foot it, I pray you, now,
 Hur will caper too;
 While singing and laughing,
 And piping and quaffing,
 Shall make a prance to do.

Da Capo Chorus, Dance and exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*Inside of a Cottage.*

OWEN *and* WELCHMEN *discovered.*

GLEE.

Come honest lads, true Britons come,
The cheering goblet pass,
We'll drink our King, our native home,
Each friend, and fav'rite lais.
Let fortune smile, let fortune frown,
From vicious passion free,
Tho' sometimes up, and sometimes down,
We still shall cheerful be.

Good fellows all, in friendship's band
United may we prove,
For Britain's sons in Britain's land
Shou'd still each other love.
Our foes may smile, our foes may frown,
Yet never will we wince,
But drink success to Britain's crown,
Laws, people, church, and prince.

Owen. Well sung, my coot lads! There is no nations, look you, or kingdoms, or principalities upon land, or upon sea that can hold up their heads like the Welch and the Scots, and the Irish, and the English. They are all prothers and sifers, and none but the Tevil himself, with reference be it spoken, shall ever be able to separate or tivede them—So pegone to your tancing and sports; for I have worts of advice and admonitions to speak with my little Ellen here.

[*Exeunt Welchmen.*]

ELLEN enters.

Ellen. Did you send for me, my dear father?

Owen. Yes, my child, I pelieve you have had experience that I love you as well as a father can love the child of his affections.

Ellen. I'm sure you do, fir, and I hope you've no cause to doubt my duty in return.

Owen. Heaven knows there is no cause, and if there was some recent pride your father took in pringing you up something above the common people, I hope, look you, you will never make him plush for the goodness of his intentions. Your mother and I were ferry poor before we were married, and, the more we had less cause, the more we fell in love, and as we could not marry, we were full of sorrows, and criefs, and tripulations.

Ellen. I've often heard my mother say so, fir.

Owen. Yes, it is pretty stories for a winter's night. So as I walked one day, with much melancholy and affections, I had the misfortune, to find a pocket book, with one hundred pounds in the middle of it.

Ellen. Misfortune, father!

Owen. Yes, child, it will be a creat one to *you*. I took it to Mr. Evans, the Parson of the parish, who

who is dead and gone, and left me the pridge of his pest fiddle for a rememprance of hi n, and he kept the money a whole year, and as it never was enquired for, he gave it to me, and I married, and was intustrious, and so my garden was soon full of leeks, and my house full of children.

Ellen. Well, my dear father?

Owen. They all died but you, and I was have a mind as I brot' you up petter than your neighbours, to have left you a rich heirefs; but the owner of the money is come, and you have no fortune now, my child, but your goodness and your firtue, which as the orld goes—

Ellen. Let the world go how it will, virtue is of sterling value, and you have often said that we live in a country where innocence ever finds protection, and where true respect only follows goodness and honesty of heart.

Owen. My dear child you make your father weep. The spirit of a Welchman is hasty and hot; and his nerves are strung by the air of his native mountains—but there are chords in his heart which like his favorite music, can tune, and melt, and soften him to feeling and tears, and sensibilities.

(Embracing her.)

Ellen. But who is the owner of this money, and how does he prove——

Owen. There is nothing to be proved but the honesty of your father. Principal, interest, and produce shall be all his own. But be of comfort, we are well respected, there is work to be done for our bread as before, and what is better, we have health and strength, and a good will to do it.

SONG.—OWEN.

View yon mountain's hoary head!
 See the clouds that bind his brow,
 View yon tombs of Bardic dead,
 Men whose *minds* are lying *now*.

Owen, once of vice the slave,
 Ne'er could raise his looks so high
 As yonder steep; each hallow'd grave
 Alike wou'd shun the guilty eye.

Nature *honest*, undisguis'd,
 Gives to Cambria ev'ry grace,
 Justly be the lesson priz'd
 By each true son of Cambria's race.

[*Exit.*]

Ellen. Ah! now will be the time to try the sincerity of William. After all, as my father says, poverty has few friends, but virtue will have the honest pride to look down upon its enemies.

Enter WILLIAM, in a smart travelling dress.

Will. My dear Ellen, I have just parted with your father.

Ellen. Ah! William, how fine you are! while we—has he told you what has befallen us?

Will. He has rejoiced me by it—I know the goodness and justice of my own parent, and he is the owner of the money found by your father.

Ellen. Is it possible? And will he be kind to us?

Will. How can he be otherwise? Providence surely threw me on this coast for our mutual good, and what pride for William to be made the instrument of Ellen's happiness!

SONG.

SONG.—WILLIAM.

Let fools follow pleasures,
 Too certain to cloy ;
 Let misers hoard treasures
 They dare not enjoy.
 The earth own's no blessing
 Young William can prove,
 So sweet as possessing
 Dear Ellen and love.

Let the world, ever changing,
 With falsehood abound,
 Still fix'd, never ranging
 Shall William be found.
 From thee, what desire
 Can tempt him to rove,
 What blifs can reach higher
 Than Ellen and love.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Village.*

Enter TAFFLINE and DICKY.

Taffl. And so, for all you come from London, you can't help following the Welch girls.

Dick. And how should I ? They look so pretty, and dance so nimbly, and talk so plaguy fast, that I've had nothing to do but look, listen and wonder ; and ecod I've done it so long, that my old master will begin to wonder what's become of me.

Taffl. And you, I suppose, will begin to wonder what is become of your heart.

Dick. O no—I never bring my heart so far from home ; that's safe enough.

Taffl. In London ?

Dick. Pretty near it. As for London, why, Lord, there isn't a girl in the whole town can dress, gigue, hold up a gown, flirt a fan, tie a tippet,

manœuvre a muff, or mount a duck's beak bonnet with half the grace of my dear Jenny Primrose of Pentonville.

SONG.

Throughout the town no girl you'll meet
 So exquisitely fair;
 For she's genteel as Bentinck street
 And bright as Berkley square.
 The various charms of Jenny's face
 Are rich as Ludgate-hill,
 And beautiful as Portland Place,
 Is Jane of Pentonville.

Brilliant as Bond-street are her eyes,
 Where Cupids make abode,
 Her voice is sweet as London cries
 And fine as Oxford road.
 Plump as St. Paul's her blooming cheek,
 Her breath like Saffron-hill,
 A sweeter la's in vain you'll seek,
 Than Jane of Pentonville.

Enter PLIMLIMMON.

Plim. Heyday, how's this? little Taffline listening to the conceits of a Cockney. Pray Mr. Londoner, what are your pretensions here? (*pulls Dicky by the pigtail.*)

Dick. My pretensions! Why, dear me, I never pretended to have any pretensions in the whole course of my life.

Taffl. Why, Peter, what's come to you? I was only going to ask the gentleman how and about the London fashions.

Plim. So much the worse—I don't like the London fashions, I've travelled on his Majesty's mail coach; and could look down on 'em all—the men with their high shoulders and broad buttons look like

like so many watermen that have rowed for the coat and badge, and the ladies are never thought to be full drefs'd, but when they're half naked.

Taff. Bless us, Peter!

Plim. All the fashions are copied from us—it's the rage now for the ladies to vie with the Ancient Britons, who wore very few clothes, and were painted all over—and then they bounce along so much like the men, that it is hardly safe to walk the streets, for fear of being knock'd down by a Bond-street Boadicea.

Dick. I ask pardon, sir, but if you allude to my Jenny——

Plim. What's your Jenny to me?—If you come teaching your London fashions here, I'll shew you.

Dick. (*gives a card*) There's my address, sir—never quarrel before ladies. [*Affectedly.*]

TRIO.

- Peter.* Dicky, pray walk away,
Else you may rue the day
When to Wales you came capering down,
Taff. What a lad, sure he's mad!
You'd be glad if you had
Like me heard the fashions of the town.
Dicky. Sir, to you—Mifs adieu! [*Offers to kiss.*]
Peter. If you do—black and blue
You'll be beat from heel to crown.
So Dicky, pray, &c.
[*Taffine holds Peter.*]
Dicky. Nay, prithee let him be,
If he says a word to me—
Peter. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock you down,
Stick or fist, if you list,
I've a wrist never mist,
A coxcomb's hide to dust,
Look at this, if you scoff—
Dicky. No, indeed, sir,—I'm off.
Then begone—for go you must
This cudgel's pretty stout.

Taff.

Taffl. My true love thus to doubt.
Peter. That's your way, fir—turn about.
Dicky. Lackaday!
Peter. If you stay.
Taffl. Get away.
Dicky. I obey.
Peter. I shall kick up a monstrous rout.
Taffl. Peter, pray.
Peter. Will you go?
Taffl. Let him stay.
Peter. No, no!
 Will it please you to walk out?
Dicky. I wish I was safely out.
Taffl. I wish he was safely out.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old TOWNLEY.

Old T. Adod, these Welch folks will make me young again, so good humour'd, so pleasant, so hospitable, I promised to carry some account of them home with me, and I shall have nothing but memorandums to make of their kindness and good nature. (*Re-enter Plim.*) Eh! there's another of 'em—How are you my lad?—a nice place this country of yours.

Plim. Very nice, do you like it?

Old T. Or all things. Why, you are the lad that has travelled—could'nt you furnish me with a few particulars of the soil, produce, extent, commerce and population, just to make a figure with when I get home?

Plim. The soil, sir, is of a wholesome texture, and its produce is warm friendship, short anger, and rough honesty.—Our commerce is an exchange of kind offices with our brother Britons, and the population consists chiefly of stout lads with strong arms, pretty girls with open hearts—mountain goats—garden leeks—good ale and merry musci-

Old T. (*takes out his pocket book, and writes occasionally*) I'll put it all down.
your clergymen, doctors and lawyers.

Plim. Our clergy think it no dishonour to bring up large families with little salary—Our doctors kill no more than they do in other places, and some of our lawyers are honest ones.

Old T. Some of your lawyers are honest ones! I'll put down that, however, among the curiosities of the place. And pray now, an't the Welch folks a little superstitious?

Plim. Yes, a little. If a horse falls down they call it ill luck, especially if he breaks his knees; and if the rider falls with it, and breaks his neck, they think it still worse.

Old T. How extraordinary! "If a horse falls down," and the owner breaks his neck; (*writing*) dear me! only think what a man gets by riding abroad.

Plim. Then 'tis said, no one dies in the diocese of St. David, without first seeing a light like a candle or a lantern enter the church yard where he is to be buried.

Old T. Stay, don't hurry, (*writes*,) "a man is never thought to be dead in Wales, till he can see a candle in a"—Eh! is that it?

Plim. Nay, don't make light of their manners and customs—Egad if you do—

Old T. Who, I? I love and honour 'em. Well, and I daresay the men, being so hardy, wou'd make capital soldiers in case of an attack from the enemy. Eh, what do you think?

Plim. Ask the Frenchmen who came to Fishguard, if they hadn't enough of that sample, let 'em come again for another—The warm reception an enemy to this country meets with from a Welchman, can only be compared to the hearty and hospitable

pitiable entertainment he is proud and happy to give the friends of it. [Exit.

Old T. What a clever intelligent fellow that is! and what a neat concise piece of topography I shall carry home with me. Egad, if any of the country folks were to ask me for an account of the metropolis, I don't think I should be half so laconically correct—Eh! suppose I just try what's to be done in case of enquiry: its hardly worth while tho'; for what would be a description of it to-day, would'nt suit a week hence. The fashions change, the manners change, and as for the town itself, its very thape is so variable, and it approaches the country so fast, that by the time I go back, I may meet it half way on the road to Wales.

SONG.—*Old TOWNLEY.*

For London is like to a mill going round,
Still noisy, and ever in motion,
Where wheels within wheels, hurry, bustle and sound
Revolve like the waves of the ocean.
Where foolish and wise, rich and poor herd together,
Where fortunes are made, and men undone,
Where money and wit are exchange'd for each other,
And this is a picture of London.

Kings, poets and statesmen, queens, counsellors, clients,
In Westminster Abbey lie snugly.
St. Paul's, and Guildhall, where you'd like the two giants,
If they were not so damnable ugly.
Then there's grand courts of law, and of equity too,
If in either you chuse to be undone;
For one with the other has nothing to do
In the very fine city of London.

There's the parliament-house, and the tower so strong,
The monument reckon'd so high too,
That if it were only as broad as its long,
Such a building you never come nigh to.

There's

There's great folks and small folks, and short folks and tail folks:

In short there's a vast deal of fun done:

There's pleasure and pain quite sufficient for all folks,
Who visit the city of London.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. I ask pardon sir; but I came to say, that—that—(*confused*)

Old T. What, my pretty mountain blossom? What my lilly of the dale?

Ellen. My father was seeking you, sir; he's a plain man, but very honest—he has a long time had some property of yours in his possession, which he is not only willing to restore, but he thinks the whole produce shou'd also be yours, and then—

Old T. And then—well child, and what then?

Ellen (bursting into tears). And then, sir, we shou'd all be ruined.

Old T. Ruined! what, by me! I ruin a pretty girl! I ruin a family that saved my boy, give good dinners, and brew the best ale in Christendom. Eh! why, that wou'd be as bad as my rogue of a son, who has come all this way to fall in love with—Eh! dear, dear! what a blockhead I am! [*Aside.*

Ellen. Sir?

Old T. Nothing, my dear, nothing—Only when you see your father, tell him that I really should like to have this matter explained, and you may tell him—Eh! why, here he is, and I'll tell him myself.

Enter OWEN.

Well, my hearty old boy, many thanks for your kindness, and tho' I leave you to-morrow, I shall
never

never forget it; and as I have been plentifully regaled by your Welch dainties, not a winter shall pass but I'll send you some of our town rarities. A large twelfth cake, a packet of polonies, and a barrel of London porter; those are what I like at Christmas, they serve as sauce to the true compliments of the season; which I take to be, paying the bills of industrious tradesmen, putting coals under the poor man's kettle, and beef within-side of it.

Owen. You have been pleased, then, with our country?

Old T. Vastly.

Owen. You like the cottage?

Old T. Much.

Owen. You think the place desirable?

Old T. Very.

Owen. 'Tis ferry well, it is all your own.

Old T. Mine!

Owen. 'Tis the fruits of your own property, I found your money—this is your book, and all it contains is yours.

Old T. All what, mine!

Owen. Passion of hur heart, do I not tell you?

Old T. Tol de rol de riddle lol!

[*Singing and dancing.*]

Owen. I am glad too; but if I was to gain by your loss, I would not have so many caperings and rejoicings, and exultations, look you.

Old T. (mimicking) But I will “rejoice, and have capers, and exultations, look you.”

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. We are to march in procession.

Old T. Then here's your partner, and for life—Take the daughter of a man of probity, and let me have an early breed of grandsons like him. I did not mean you to have married the daughter
of

of a Welch cottager, but she brings the best of portions—virtue and innocence. Old Cambrian, your fist, fetch Dame Gwinneth, and we'll have a dance directly.

Owen. What shall be done with all this?

[*Shewing the book and notes.*]

Old T. It can't encrease more worthily than in your own hands.

Owen. No, no, I tell you.

Old T. And aye, aye, I tell you—S'bud! a'n't we all fellow Britons? and I wish that in future there may be no other emulation among us, but to serve and assist each other. I would have the divisions of the Empire named, and known only, by their virtues:—Honesty shou'd be the county town of Commerce; Hospitality shou'd be the charter of every Corporation, while Liberality, Benevolence and Integrity shou'd form a metropolis for each of the three kingdoms.

Villagers are seen descending the hills with wands, flowers, leeks, and appropriate emblems. The Harper takes his place.

A dance commences to Welch music, during which the vocal characters come forward, and the piece concludes with the following

FINALE.

[*Welch air.*]

Owen. Neighbours, come now, for the honour of Wales,
Toss off a jorum of Owen's stout nappy,
Dance, sing and caper, and tell merry tales,
For surely we all were sent here to be happy.

Old T. Gwinneth and I will first couple advance,
Mix in the throng as you find it to clever,
And join in the ditty, and keep up the dance,
To the tune of Huzza and St. David for ever!

Chorus. Neighbours come &c.

W.C.

- Will.* William sincerely may hail the glad day
Safe from the dangers and toils of the ocean,
To love, who from Neptune bore William away,
He'll ever bow down with the purest devotion.
- Ellen.* Ellen with pleasure gives William consent,
Her heart to secure by honest endeavour,
In hopes that affection, good humour, content
Will be William's and Ellen's for ever and ever.
- Dicky.* Dicky for Jenny to town must go back,
Tho' sweethearts in Wales there appear to be
plenty.
- Taff.* Among our smart girls Mr. Dicky, good lack,
Can't your nicety pick out a lass to content ye ?
- Peter.* Peter to Taffine delivers his hand ;
Take it at once, for 'tis nonsense to tarry,
A match when it offers, no maid should withstand,
Nor any live single but those who can't marry.
Chorus. Neighbours, &c.—

THE END.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

JAN 30 1968 54

REC'D LD

JAN 19 '68 -11 AM

MAR 26 1975 12

RETURNED

SEP 27 1974

LOAN AFG

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C035618281

M269102

9-71

P 45

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

